

AS FOR MYSELF

The invasion of Iwo Jima with its high casualties worried me greatly. Kazy was in it. I but got through worrying with the Guam invasion and Iwo followed. It is only normal for any person whose dear ones are exposed to death, to worry, and I wondered whether they are not trying to kill off all the original members of the 3rd Division. Though I am confident in the Mercy of Him who watched over me will also watch over him, yet, it does not prevent me from choking on my food or tears welling my eyes. And there are still many Jimas (islands). Be they Iwo, Chichi or Haha. The battles are not as amusing as the names sound. And many a family will weep ere the rising of the sun will finally set on Nippon and other aggressive nations. It will be three years in August since I saw Kazy last. Long years . . . and much has happened.

Now for a bit of good news. On Sunday, March 18th, the doctor informed me that I'm free to go home. Boy, was I happy! I've waited for that bit of announcement with nervousness. My release from the sanatorium is like a bit of resurrection, considering the treacherousness of this illness. I'm sure grateful to the great and merciful God, and to everyone who saw me through it. But, a special "thank you" article will appear in the next months issue. Others who were released were: Emma Hobbs of Robertsedale and Leslie Davis of Crichton. Leslie sure was a grand pal and companion and Emma with Elizabeth Hudson, who still remained behind, were good and pleasant company during our walks, since we four had the freedom of the road during the past winter. Now, if I but would hear good news from Kazy, then all would be perfect.

My present plans are to stay in Fairhope for a while and then return to Chicago and kinfolk for the summer months, where I plan to make home with my cousins Estele and Ernie on their farm. And, if all goes as planned, to be back to Fairhope and warmth plus sunshine, for the winter. Letters written to the Fairhope address, which is easy to remember, will reach me no matter where I may be, but Viltis will keep you posted of any move. Nothing will be hidden from any of you (maybe).

Now I truly can sign off with—
Pasimatysim,
(Surely we shall see each other)
VYTS - FIN.

LAST MINUTE NEWS:

My brother Kazy wrote that the Iwo campaign kept him so busy that he had no time to wash or shave, as a result, he was filthy and long bearded, but gained weight. We are happy for you, Kazy, beard and all.

S.-Sgt. Jimmy Carroll is a proud father of a Jimmy Jr. Jimmy, who was injured during the short-lived German push, and now hospitalized in England, writes that his army injuries are severe enough to keep him away from further front line duties.

IT'S THE TRUTH

SO THEY WRITE . . .

"Gentlemen: I believe in being honest with you because you'd probably find it out sooner or later anyway. Seven months ago you classified me 3-A because I supported my father. You said I'd continue to be 3-A as long as I continue to support my father. Well, I don't support him any longer. Yesterday he was drafted."

"I want to repal my sons classificashun. He is so stupid he can't go anywhere by himself he get lost I got 3 other children stupid to."

"Gentlemen: I want to inform you that my status changed. My wife gave birth to a baby and I want to thank every member of the local board."

"Sorry not to have been able to return to camp last night but my wife had a baby and it wasn't my fault."

FIN NOSE ALL:

Levice Gaston: "What is St. Vitus Dance?"

Janie Little: "I don't know, ask Beliajus, he knows everything about dancing."

Officer: "Why did you kick Pvt. Culp in the stomach?"

Pvt.: "I couldn't get my foot up any higher."

NOOK OF THOUGHT

(Continued from page two)

cans, are bigots—bigots, scum on the decent waters of democracy. Cancers of Society.

The crime of Hood River must be avenged, not by bullets or blood, but avenged by great, new, bright shining deeds of unselfishness and tolerance, compassion and understanding.

Only in the living knowledge that international morality is nothing more than personal morality projected on a larger screen, can the Allied crusade against immorality really triumph.

LOVE VS. WAR.

The unselfish love which Jesus taught (no matter what you call it—love, brotherhood, sympathy, the knowledge of right), is becoming more and more widely practiced and understood. The clearer this becomes to men, the clearer will appear the falsity of aggression, domination, war, etc. "Peace on Earth, goodwill among men" is much nearer to men's realization now than it was two thousand years ago. It will come.

Sue Arnold Thomas, SOE, Fairhope.

Just received the sad news that Lt. Kazy Charles Rudauskas was killed in Clovis, N. M., on March 21st, at 10 a. m. He is our first LYS sacrifice, and his death is not only a shock to all LYS members but also to the Lithuanian colony. Our regrets to his parents and brother, Raymond. More details in the next issue.

NOOK OF POETRY

A SUNDAY MORNING IN THE ALABAMA WOODS

Pvt. Gene Weirbach

The narrow white-sand road lures me on
Downhill through open fields of waving
grasses,

Waist high,
And comes to an abrupt ending at the
forest's edge.

No space for road,

No tempting path to follow.

Only a giant water-oak,

An ancient bearded prophet,

Swathed in Spanish moss,

Waves an eerie greeting.

The musical notes of water

Slipping over a rocky ledge,

Green with velvet moss,

While down below

Dead brown leaves float aimlessly

In the quiet pool.

The cushioned comfort of leaf mould
underfoot

Makes the ascent of the hill ahead

A silent one.

The glossy green-leather leaves of magnolia,

Evenly spaced like dummy trees in store
windows,

Reflect the sun like a rajah's emeralds.

The lacy fingers of the sweet-gum

Pierce the blue,

Framing a spot of open sky,

Where a turkey-buzzard dips and circles
in effortless ease.

In the dappled brush across the creek
of bluejay flashes.

A shaft of filtered sunlight breaks suddenly

Through the ever-present needled pines,
Like sunlight through a cathedral window.

Nature reigns supreme.

Suddenly and without warning

The far-off sound of guns is heard.

A faint humming like a thousand bees
in flight

Swells into a crescendo,

And overhead a giant man-made bird
skims the tree tops,

Its body and wings like beaten silver.

The arrival and departure is momentary.
In its roaring wake

Every bird in every bush,

Every bird in every tree,

Cries in protest.

Once more this corner of paradise

Returns to its Sabbath stillness.

I turn and slowly make my way

Back to the white-sand road

That brought me here.

GHOST TOWN

By Willard C. Charland, SM2c, USNR

A cloak of darkness heralds those who
venture into the streets of my mist,

Long dead, the ghosts remain of warriors
old who fought the wars—

Echoes of their feet in cadence march
and interrupt the somberness of the
walls . . .

Bricks of a ruined city, now but rubble,
once stood as pillared arches.

Tumbled and in decay, pillaged by those
who dealt death, and destroyed ruth-

lessly.

My people fled and those who did not,
rotted with me in vain.

The secrets of my streets and alleys
hidden by burning and time, never
to be uncovered.

YOUR COMMENT

"TIME SURE FLIES"

Dears Vyts: It's wonderful what something like that can do to bring together people from all over the world. And your paper really does just that. When I read about all the former LYS'rs and others I know in the folk dancing groups, I can hardly realize that so much time has passed since that fateful Sunday afternoon one December, when Joey Lankus rushed in with the headlines about Pearl Harbor. As you say, "time sure flies."

Miriam Rosenbloom, Chicago, Ill.

FAIRHOPE—WAR:

Seems that all my friends are spread around the globe pretty well right now, but that just goes to show it really is a global war this time. I think a lot of them, will be dreaming of the day when we will all be home again with our families and friends. You really miss Fairhope if you have learned to appreciate it as I have.

Some of the married boys may have to go out in the world and make a spot for themselves but I think they will always look back to many fond memories that keep coming up from the wells of their minds.

It doesn't take many years to make radical changes in our lives, but I think my brain is still basically the same and my wishes seem to be the same as ever. Wish that all the boys could have been able to say the same. I think you're doing a swell job with Viltis and hope you keep it coming.

S.-Sgt. Bob Astrella, SOE, England

TOLERANCE, CHURCH, ETC.

. . . I can forgive ignorance, but I detest intolerance. I feel I'm an average Joe. I agree with the many letters you receive. There is not one of us who isn't a good American in every respect, mainly, the belief in freedom for all, and yet, so many are hurt because they are minorities. I can't help but feel that clubs like our LYS—places like International House, groups like those in general, may show the ways of different people and yet are not chauvenistic, who will eventually lead to more understanding between people. I also can't quite agree with our boy Denoy in his feeling against religion. I believe his feeling is against institutionalized religion . . . Maybe our churches have caused bloodshed, and haven't been what we desired in our churches, be they Jewish, Christian or otherwise. Nor were our governments perfect. But, slowly we are moving ahead—out of darkness into a friendlier world—full with rights to live rather than merely exist. Our churches point out ideals; and if that be their only good point then, in spite of the many drawbacks, they are accomplishing something. As long as man fights to achieve ideals we will move toward a better world. It may be that for every two steps we move forward we slip back one in the mud of greed, intolerance, stupidity, lackadaisical thinking and the like, but far better to achieve the one step than to continue sinking . . .

Pvt. Al Spear, LYS, Oahu, Hawaii.

FROM PALAU



PFC. EDWARD SOMMER

. . . and Pal Smithy

Ed is a native Mobilian, 21 years old and a veteran of many campaigns. Since he joined the Marines in Oct. 1942, and after receiving his training at San Diego, he covered the following areas: Hawaii, New Guinea, Australia, Guadalcanal and Cape Gloucester. He has been across since Jan. 1943, and is a member of the 12th Anti-Aircraft Bn., 1st Marine Div. His "lambie pie" Marian Hudson claims that he is "the sweetest thing in the world." No doubt, for I wouldn't know that part, but he is a swell lad.

SWEETHEART



CHARLOTTE SARETT, S 1C

Charlotte, a long time member of LYS and a dancer par excellence, is presently stationed in San Francisco. She received her training at Hunters College, N. Y., and graduated with honors. Before becoming a Wave she attended Chicago University. Was a first class folk dancer and specialized in Spanish dances. Aside LYS she also belonged to the Co-Op folk dance groups with which society her parents are active. She is a folk dance festival vet. She is presently enjoying a visit from her mother.

FINNY'S FUNNIES

DAFFEENISHUNS:

Tact—Example; if you enter a bathroom and find a woman bathing. Just look up and down, and say: "Good morning, Sir."

Married Man—One who has two hands with which to drive a car.

Wedding—A funeral where you smell your own flowers.

Tips—Wages we pay other people's hired help.

Yawn—The only time some married men get to open their mouth.

After giving the Private a dressing down for being so late in returning with the supplies, the Sarge demanded, "Okay, let's hear how it happened."

"Well, I picked up a Chaplain along the road," explained the rookie, "and from then on the mules couldn't understand a word I said."

A girl of 20 who contemplates marrying a man of 40, should remember, when she is 40, he'll be 60. It is better for a girl of 40 to marry a man of 20, then they'll reach 60 around about the same time.

"Who is waiting at this table?" demanded the irate customer.

"You, madam," said the busy waitress, "until your turn comes."

O'Toole (In a restaurant on a Friday): "Have youse got shark?"

Waiter: "No."

O'Toole: "Have you got whale?"

Waiter: "No."

O'Toole: "Then gimme steak. The Lord knows I asked for fish."

Private (At concert): "She has quite a large repertoire, hasn't she?"

Pfc.: "Yes, and that dress makes it look all the worse."

All men are born free and equal, but most of them marry.

Soldier: "And yesterday, Doctor, I swallowed a dime."

Army Doctor: "I don't see any change in you."

A medical officer examined a soldier in a hospital. As he bared his chest he revealed tattooed portraits of Roosevelt and Churchill.

"Want to proclaim your patriotism, eh?" asked the Doctor.

"That's right! And you should see where I've got Hitler!"

An army captain saw a man watching maneuvers who asked, "How often do you kill a man in these dangerous games?"

"Just once," replied the captain.

Pfc.: "I sent my girl a letter every day for six months."

Pvt.: "What happened?"

Pfc.: "She married the censor."

Blondie: "If I give you just one kiss, will you be good?"

Sailor: "If I kiss you once, you'll know I'm good."